

LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

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[No. 26.]

SELECTIONS.

THE ADVENTURES OF SCARMEN- TADO.

A SATYRICAL NOVEL.

(Continued from page 97.)

Notwithstanding the disagreeable adventures I had met with in my travels, I determined to finish my tour, and accordingly I embarked for Turkey, fully resolved never more to intermeddle with other people's affairs, nor give my judgment about public shews. These Turks, said I to my companions, are a set of unbaptized miscreants, and of course more cruel than the reverend fathers of the inquisition. Let us be silent among the Mahometans.

I arrived at Constantinople, where I was strangely surprised to see more Christian churches than in Candia; but much more so to see also a numerous train of monks, permitted to offer their prayers freely to Virgin Mary, and to curse Mahomet, some in Greek, others in Latin, and some in Armenian. How reasonable are the Turks! (exclaimed I) whilst the Christian world stains a spotless religion with blood, these infidels tolerate doctrines which they abhor, without molestation or inhumanity. The Grecian and Latin Christians were at mortal enmity in Constantinople, and like dogs that quarrelled in the streets, persecuted each other with the utmost violence. The grand vizir protected the Greeks, whose patriarch accused me before him of having supped with the Latins, and I was most charitably condemned by the divan to receive one hundred blows with a lath upon the sole of the foot, with permission, however, to be excused for 500 sequins. The next day the grand vizir was strangled; and the day following, his successor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not strangled till a month afterwards, condemned me to the same punishment, for having supped with the Grecian patriarch; and, in short, I was reduced to the sad necessity to frequent neither the Latin nor the Greek church.—To make myself amends, I determined to keep a mistress, and I pitched upon a young Turkish lass, who was as tender and wanton a *tete-a-tete* as she was pious and devout at the mosque. One night, in the soft transports of her love, she embraced me passionately, calling out *alla, alla, alla*. These are the sacramental words of the Turks. I took them to be those of love, and therefore cried out in my turn *alla, alla, alla*; upon which, she said, heaven be praised, you are a Turk. In the morning the iman came to circumcise me, but as I made some difficulty, the cadi of our quarters, a loyal gentleman, very kindly told me he purposed to impale me. I saved

my foreskin and my backside with a thousand sequins, and flew into Persia, firmly resolved never to go to the Latin or Grecian mass in Turkey, nor ever more to say *alla, alla, alla*, at a rendezvous.

At my arrival at Ispahan, I was asked which I was for, white or black sheep? I answered, that the flesh of a white or black sheep, was equal to me, provided it was tender. It must be known that the factions of the white and black sheep still divided the Persians, who imagined I meant to laugh at both parties, inasmuch that I had scarce entered the city gates, but I had a sad affair to extricate myself from, which I did, however, with a good number of sequins, by means of which I got safe out of the hands of the sheep.

I went as far as China with an interpreter, who informed me that it was the only country where one might live freely, gaily, and peaceably. The Tartars had rendered themselves masters of it with fire and sword, and the reverend fathers the Jesuits on one side, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, said that they drew souls towards God every day, without any body's knowing it. Sure there never was a set of more zealous converters, for they persecuted one another by turns; they sent to Rome whole volumes of calumnies, wherein they reciprocally called each other infidels and prevaricators. There was particularly a terrible quarrel among them about the method of making a bow.

The Jesuits taught the Chinese to salute their parents after the manner of their country; and the Dominicans, on the contrary, held that they ought to bow to them after the manner of Rome. I happened to be taken by the Jesuits for a Dominican, and they told his Tartarian majesty that I was the pope's spy. The supreme council immediately ordered the prime mandarin, who ordered a serjeant, who ordered four guards to arrest and bind me, with all the ceremony used on such occasions. I was brought after one hundred and forty genu-flections before his majesty, who asked whether I really was the pope's spy, and whether it was true that his holiness intended to come in person to dethrone him; I answered, that the pope was a priest, three score and ten years of age; that he lived four thousand miles distant from his sacred Tartaro-Chinese majesty; that he had about two thousand soldiers, who mounted the guard with a parasol; that he never dethroned any body; and, in short, that his majesty might sleep in quiet. This was the last unfortunate adventure I met with in the whole course of my travels. I was sent to Macao, where I embarked for Europe.

I was obliged, in order to refit my ship, to

put into an harbour on the coast of Golconda. I laid hold on that opportunity to go and see the court of the great Aureng-zeb, so much renowned for its wonderful magnificence: he was then at Delhi, and I had the good fortune to see him the day of that pompous ceremony, in which he received the heavenly present sent him by the sheriff of Mecca, viz. the broom with which they had swept the holy house, the Caaba and the Beth alla. That broom is a symbol which only sweeps away all uncleanness of soul.—Aureng-zeb had no occasion for it, since he was the most pious man in all Indostan. 'Tis true he had cut his brother's throat, poisoned his father, and put to death by torture about twenty rayas, and as many omrahs, yet nothing was talked of but his devotion, which they said was without equal, except that of his most sacred majesty Muley Ismael, the most serene emperor of Morocco, who never failed to cut off several heads every Friday, after prayers.

To all this I spoke not a word, my travels and adventures had taught me to bridle my tongue, and I was very sensible it was not mine to decide between the piety of the emperors of India and Morocco.

I had not yet seen Africa; but whilst I was debating with myself, whether it was better to satisfy this last inclination, or sail for Italy, my ship was taken by the negroes, and I was of course carried thither. Our captain railed against the captors, asking them the reason why they thus outrageously violated the laws of nations? they replied, your nose is long, and ours is flat; your hair is straight, and our wool is curled; you are white, and we are black; consequently we ought, according to the sacred and unalterable laws of nature, to be ever enemies. You buy us on the coast of Guinea, as if we were not human creatures, then treat us like beasts, and with repeated blows compel us to eternal digging into the mountains in order to find a ridiculous yellow dust of no intrinsic value, and not worth a good Egyptian onion; therefore, when we meet with you, and are the strongest, we make you our slaves, and force you to till our ground, or else we cut off your nose or ears. We had nothing to say against so wise a discourse. I was employed to till the ground of an old negro woman, having no inclination to lose either my nose or my ears; and after a twelvemonth's slavery, I was redeemed by some friends I had written to for that purpose.

Having thus seen the world, and all that is great, good, and admirable in it, I resolved to return to Candia, where I married a little after my arrival. I was soon a cuckold, but plainly perceived it to be the most harmless and tolerable situation in life.

TRUE RELIGION.

WHEN the mind is not only conscientiously but affectionately religious; when it not only fears God as the Almighty Sovereign, but loves and confides in him as the all-gracious Father; not only inferred to be such from the beauty and benignity apparent in the works of nature, but rationally understood to be such, from the discoveries of divine grace in the word of God; and let us add, no less rationally felt to be such, from the transforming influence of that word on the heart; then acts of devotion are no longer a penance, but a resource and refreshment, inasmuch that the voluptuary would as soon relinquish those gratifications for which he lives, as the devout Christian would give up his daily intercourse with his Maker. But it is not in stated acts merely that such devotion lives; it is an habitual sentiment, which diffuses itself through the whole life, purifying, exalting, and tranquilizing every part of it; smoothing the most rugged paths, making the yoke of duty easy, and the burden of care light. It is as a perennial spring in the very centre of the heart, to which the wearied spirit betakes itself for refreshment and repose.

Mrs. H. More.

CARDS.

Is it not surprising that men of sense should condescend to join in this silly custom, which was originally invented to supply its deficiency! But such is the fatality! Imperfections give rise to fashions, and are followed by those, who do not labor under the defects, which introduced them.—Nor is a hoop the only instance of a fashion, invented by those, who found their account in it; and afterwards countenanced by others, to whose figure it was prejudicial. How can men, who value themselves upon their reflections, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking? Cards, if one may judge from their appearance, seem invented for the use of children; and, among the toys of infancy, the bells, the whistle, and the rattle deserved their share of commendation.—By degrees those, who came nearest children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them, as a suitable entertainment; others also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. But where will you find a man, who proposes to himself dignity of character, who views an inducement to this kind of game? It is difficult to determine, whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more ridiculous among persons of character. Persons of ability are capable of furnishing a much more agreeable entertainment. Whenever I am offered cards therefore, I shall esteem it as the opinion of the host, that I have neither sense nor fancy. And yet this is a melancholy reflection, since there seldom is a "party" in this exquisitely refined metropolis without cards.

[Anthology.]

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Of changes in the Surface of the Earth.

WHEN we consider the various and wonderful irregularities, that pervade every part of the globe; that remarkable changes are continually taking place, in every object, that surrounds us; and that the long period and convulsions of nearly six thousand years have passed away since the creation of the world; we may rationally conclude that the surface of the earth has undergone an almost entire alteration in its appearance. Some theorists have imagined, that the earth, in its original formation, exhibited a surface of one uniform level; and that mountains, and other inequalities, have been the later production of earthquakes, volcanoes, and other violent disorders. But laying aside the wild and endless speculations that are easily formed on subjects of this kind, still it is a probable conjecture, that soon after the creation, and particularly at the time of the deluge, the face of the earth was chequered with great revolutions. If we consider the astonishing effects of violent land-floods, and partial inundations, that are common to every age, that cities have been destroyed, whole regions made desolate and entirely disfigured; how infinitely greater, must we suppose the effects, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up; when all nations were destroyed, and the whole globe, for many days, was buried in water! We have all reason to imagine, that the earth, at this time, was torn asunder, in every possible direction; and that those astonishing piles of mountains and craggy cliffs, that every where surround us, were tumbled together, and formed from the ruins of the primitive world. Though no event, perhaps, has ever been attended with more memorable changes, than the deluge, yet changes have since taken place, and are still going forward. Without directing our eyes to the huge masses of ice, that are continually varying the polar extremities of the globe; without regarding the changes produced by climate, or the seasons of the year; we shall ascend to those of a more important and interesting nature. The changes produced by earthquakes, are very formidable, and extensive. Rocks are hereby cleft asunder, and broken down, rivers and torrents are altered in their courses, vallies heaped into hills, mountains levelled with the plains, and whole provinces, either made a scene of devastation, or swallowed in the ocean. The effects of volcanoes, though sometimes more limited in extent, are not inferior to the most violent disorders of nature. Territories in the neighborhood of burning mountains have often experienced fatal and alarming revolutions; and the soil for a considerable circuit, is generally the entire production of these

subterranean fires. Vesuvius and Atna have more than once made depredations on the regions that spread along their borders; the ruins of Herculaneum, in the vicinity of the former, lie buried in its eruptions, while a considerable portion of Sicily is formed from the lava of the latter. It is, likewise, a rational conclusion, that those islands, which have been discovered, at different periods, rising from the ocean, and from time to time, are seen increasing in dimensions, are changes brought about by volcanoes.

But the most numerous changes in the surface of the Earth, are occasioned by rains, rivers, and the sea. The waters, which descend in form of rain, by continually washing away some part of the earth, in their progress from the hills and mountains, tend to diminish their height, and level them with the plains below. These waters, at first, undoubtedly, flowed into the ocean, without any determinate channel; but either, by displacing, or taking along with them, the sand, gravel, and other substances, that oppose them in their course, thus opened convenient passages. Rivers, especially, when they acquire the name and rapidity of torrents, produce many changes of considerable magnitude;—they frequently form caverns, and subterranean channels; by repeated dashing, cause disructions in the most solid bodies, and bear away with violence, every obstruction in their way. Rivers often vary their courses, either by transporting earth from one bank to another, or being diverted by some accidental causes; and indeed from the quality of the soil, from the discovery of logs, and other bodies, at a considerable depth beneath the surface, we are led to imagine, that the greater part of bogs, marshes, and intervals, were once traversed by the current of some stream. The sea, by its alternate flux and reflux, and the continual beating of its waves, produces material effects on islands, promontories, and all lands, that lie contiguous to its shores.

Those immense bodies of shells, and the remains of other marine productions, that are found on the Andes, the Allegany, and the interior of almost every country, are yet to be mentioned. Whether, as some have supposed, they were deposited here by the deluge, or at a time, anterior to human records, were forced up, from the bed of the sea, by some of the agents of nature; whether they are the natural products of the Earth, or were formed in a different manner, is a mystery, that remains to be unfolded. Yet they, undeniably, evince an important change in the surface of the Earth; and that what is now a fruitful and habitable land, as well as the summits of the loftiest mountains, have been washed for ages, by the waters of the ocean. But however mysterious the cause, or however wonderful the effect,—yet one truth is certain,—that neither this nor any other change could take place, in the order of events, without the knowledge, and command, of the Great Ruler of all things.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Of changes in the Political World.

DEEPLY interesting must it be to every rational and intelligent being, to contemplate the great and incessant changes of the political world. From the time, in which Nimrod waved the sceptre over the plains of the East, down to the present era, wars and revolutions have continually harried every kingdom and nation. They have raged equally upon the rude and uncultivated mountains of Siberia, and over the fertile plains of Turkey; in the frozen and inhospitable regions of Norway, and through the fruitful valleys of Italy; along the luxuriant banks of the Nile, and amidst the burning sands of Ethiopia. Their fields have been drenched with blood, their dwellings wrapped in flames, and their shores bleached with the bones of their slaughtered inhabitants. The proudest monuments of human ingenuity have been prostrated to the ground and mouldered into the dust. The savage wigwam and the splendid dome, the humble cottage and lofty palace, the polluted shrines of Bacchus and the holy temples of Jehovah, have alike been entombed in the bosom of the earth. That all things should be subject to transitions and decays, is one of Nature's first laws. And shall it not be fulfilled?

We have beheld the illiterate peasant robbed in the imperial purple, and the mighty monarch begging in the streets. We have seen virtue holding the sceptre; equity the rule of her actions, and a nation prosperous and happy. We have beheld vice triumphing over her, usurp her throne, disclaim all justice or title to merit; while wild confusion and direful wretchedness sprang up in every direction. We have once seen Asia presenting almost a continual landscape of beautiful, grand, and sublime objects; decorated in all the splendor and magnificence of art, clad in the pageantry of wealth, and smiling in the profuse luxuriencies of nature. Like the meridian sun, she dispersed her rays to other realms, and demanded the homage of distant nations. Her proud monarchs were wheeled on the triumphal car of conquering majesty—"scattering the nations before them." But alas! we have seen the scene reversed. We have seen her power trampled under foot, her kings dragged from their thrones, her cities despoiled of their grandeur, and her fields laid desolate. Order and regularity were succeeded by anarchy and confusion, while military despotism stalked in triumph over their ruins. We have been informed of the splendor of Egypt, and of the wealth of Carthage; of Grecian heroism, and Roman greatness; but we are told, that they have passed away, and that they exist no more, except the rude monuments, which bespeak their sad memorial. But, why these great and solemn changes? Why, at one period, behold a nation exulting in all the pride of greatness and strength of manhood; and at another, tumbling into ruin, and hur-

ried into the regions of oblivion? Why does she not continue to flourish in the same uninterrupted course of prosperity?

Let us enquire, why she forsook the paths of virtue, which alone conduct to honor, glory, and renown? why she patronised vice and corruption, the sure ministers of destruction? It is the immutable decree of heaven, that nations, like individuals, shall once live and die. As well might the physician attempt to preserve the human constitution unimpaired during the long revolutions of time, as the politician to establish a form of government, which should be secure from the assaults and violence of its enemies. In vain shall human wisdom endeavor to maintain any system of legislation inviolable, while man retains his naturally restless and mutinous disposition. He is continually projecting some new and speculative system, continually wandering in the regions of "untried being." Whether he walks the flowery path of felicity, or treads the thorny road of adversity, he is always restless and discontented.

Does he enjoy all the blessings of freedom and independence, or does he drag out a miserable existence in slavery and chains—he is the same being, continually meditating a change of his circumstances. Hence arise the mighty revolutions, which so often agitate the political world. Hence that continual chain of vicissitudes.—What, if laws have been enacted by the wisest counsellors and enforced by the most strenuous authority? What, if rewards and punishments have been held up to view, to restrain the vicious, and encourage the virtuous? They have ever proved impotent, feeble, and ineffectual. In vain were the bloody laws of Draco exerted to cramp the licentiousness of man. In vain, were the horrors of the Tarpian rock, and of the Lylan circus exhibited to reclaim the torrent of venality, which threatened universal ruin. As well might human power attempt to obstruct the eruptions of *Ætna*, controul the winds, or still old ocean's roar. As well might it attempt to rule with laws the invisible fluid, which pervades, repels, attracts, and dissolves every object in the material world, as subject the thoughts and passions to any restrictions. Examine the history of man from his creation down to the present period—he is invariably the same creature—delighting in novelty—impelled to action by some spirit of adventure. We have witnessed its operation in the person of a Hannibal, surmounting every obstacle which nature or art could oppose, and vanquishing a nation, whose military strength and glory were exceeded only by their conqueror's. Like the electric spark we see it spreading through the camps of the fierce invaders of Italy—instigating them to unite their forces to crush the power, which enslaved them—levelling at once the authority of the sovereign, the decrees of the senate, and the strength of the soldiery. It was the same in the wild fanaticism of Peter the hermit, and in the religious frenzy of Mahomet; in Pop-

ish superstition and in the atheist's creed. But our own times are big with interesting events. Here we behold a nation, whose subjects had long been as distinguished for their loyalty, as for their patriotism, suddenly become mutinous and refractory; plodding treason, rebellion, and death against the most virtuous sovereign. Instigated by the infernal machinations of her ministers, she madly threw off all restraint, trampled down all authority and paved the way for her own slavery. In vain, did innocence implore protection,—in vain, did moderation demand an audience,—in vain, did reason attempt to erect her standard and exclaim, hold! hold! but urged on by the infuriate zeal of her Talleyrands, her Augereaus, her Roberespieres, her Brissots, and of her whole host of infidels, who delight in anarchy, slaughter, and devastation, she continued her ravages, until she had destroyed every vestige of authority, religion and virtue. But alas! its influence has not been felt in France alone—It has spread like the destroying angel over almost the whole continent of Europe. Well may her surviving kingdoms stand trembling and aghast, while America waits in awful suspense.

TO THE PUBLIC.

This number completes the fourth volume of the TABLET. While we offer to the public our cordial acknowledgment for what little patronage they have been pleased to afford us; at the same time, we would render an apology, for whatever lack of duty in the editorial department, may have been observed in any numbers of the present volume. During the affliction of an inconquerable debility of health, under which the Editor has, for a long time labored, this little miscellany has fallen into the hands of one, whose interest, inclination, and secular avocations have powerfully warred against the undertaking. If, however, by the desultory effusions of those few idle moments, in which he could withdraw himself from the multifarious cares and perplexities of a laborious employment;—if, in the course of his miscellaneous reading, he has gathered any thing which could amuse or instruct,—or in any way beguile a tedious moment of his readers, he may at least, boast as much as some of his brethren in the numerous army of ephemeral editors.

We would now, in a serious manner, impress upon our patrons, the importance of an immediate settlement of their arrearages. One condition of the Tablet, it must be recollected was, "*payment in advance*;" and yet in few instances only, has this condition been regarded. In fine, our expenditures have been considerable; our income but small; and we do humbly wish, that what is honestly our due, may no longer be withheld.

Complete sets of this volume of the Tablet may be had on application to the Pri-

SELECTED POETRY.

THE RECLUSE.

WHILE busy mortals crowd around
The city, court and throne,
Intent to see, and to be seen,
To know and to be known ;
I turn away, content I turn
To sweet domestic bowers,
And ponder how I best may spend
My life's few fleeting hours.
The twinkling twilight oft I trace,
Sometimes the dusky dawn,
My steps unseen by human race,
I love to be alone.

Yet sure my thoughtful musing mind
The social transport knows,
Round many a friend these opening arms
With extacy would close.
Sure I could leave my couch by night,
To serve my greatest foe ;
And quit the brightest hour of joy,
To wipe the tear of woe.
'Tis giddy, trifling, vain parade,
My heart and mind disown,
The endless buzz, by folly made ;
I love to be alone.

Yet not averse, when duty calls,
I leave my quiet sphere,
And mingle in the walks of men,
The walks of men are dear.
I love the intellectual feast,
Shar'd with the good and wise,
Nor less the little temperate meal
Simplicity supplies.
I freely join the rustic throng,
Licentious scenes unknown,
With children play ; but ere 'tis long
I wish to be alone.

But oh ! while sorrow's mingled cries
Through earth's fair vales resound,
The ear of pensive fancy tries
To catch the piercing sound ;
Her willful eye surveys the shores,
Where *fable* lovers part ;
His trembling limbs tell iron tears,
Keen anguish breaks her heart.
Oh ! could I aid this injur'd race,
To seek their flaming zone,
The white and fable tyrants face,
Nor wish to be alone.

FROM HAFEZ, THE PERSIAN POET.
SOFTLY.

Disguis'd last night I rush'd from home,
To seek the palace of my soul ;
I reach'd by silent steps the dome,
And to her chamber *softly* stole.

On a gay, various couch reclin'd,
In sweet repose I saw the maid ;
My breast, like aspens to the wind,
To love's alarms *softly* play'd.

Two fingers then to half expanse,
I trembling op'd with fear oppress'd ;
With these I pull'd her veil askance,
Then *softly* drew her to my breast.

"Who art thou wretch?" my angel cry'd,
Whispering I said, thy slave, thy swain ;
But hush my love, forbear to chide,
Speak *softly*, lest some hear the strain.

Trembling with love, with hope and fear,
At length her ruby lips I press'd ;
Sweet kisses oft—ineffluous—dear,
Softly I snatch'd—was *softly* blest.

"O, let me" now inflam'd I said,
My idol clasp within these arms ;
"Remove the light," deep sigh'd the maid,
Come, *softly*, come, prevent alarms.

Now by her side, with bliss I glow'd,
Swift flew the night in am'rous play ;
At length the morning's herald crow'd,
When *softly* thence I bent my way.

CAROLINE.

BY THOMAS CAMERON, ESQ.
Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be,
And sing my true love all below
The hollow bow'r and Myrtle tree.

There, all his wild-wood scents to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy !

Come to my close and clust'ring bow'r,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flow'r,
Of mountain heath and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of Ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wand'ring wind of Fairy land !

For sure, from some enchanted isle
Where Heav'n and love their sabbath hold—
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of Beauty's fairest, brightest mould ;

In some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeciv'd :

In some sweet Paradise afar,
Where Music wanders, distant, lost,
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And Love is never, never, cross'd !

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bow'rs,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours
In Nature's more propitious home.

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub love—
And let the name be CAROLINE !

The following lines are extracted from Mrs. Opie's
Poems. They are written with peculiar simpli-
city and tenderness, and cannot fail to afford pleas-
ure to every admirer of the tender song of senti-
ment and pathos ; they are the closing lines of a
piece entitled

"THE MOURNER."

"When to my heart my child I fold,
She only deepens every sigh :
I think, while I her charms behold,
How she'd have pleas'd her father's eye.

And while I from her lisping tongue
Soft childhood's artless accents hear,
I think, with vain remembrance wrung,
How she'd have charm'd her father's ear.

I think—but O forbear, fond heart !
From vain regrets to duties turn ;—
Yes—I will act a parent's part,
I'll tear myself from Henry's urn.

In life I still one charm can see—
One flower adorns that dreary wild—
That flower for care depends on me—
O precious charge !—'Tis HENRY'S
CHILD."

The following poetical sketch of Arabia will edify the
reader more than a glance on the map.

O'er Arabia's desert sands
The patient Camel walks,
'Mid lonely caves and rocky lands
The fell Hyena stalks.
On her cool and shady hills
Coffee shrubs and Tamarinds grow ;
Headlong fall the welcome rills,
Down the faithful dells below.

The fragrant myrrh and healing balm,
Perfume the passing gale ;
Thick hung with dates the spreading palm,
Towers o'er the purple vale :
Locusts oft, a living cloud,
Hover in the darken'd air,
Like a torrent dashing loud,
Bringing famine and despair.

And often o'er the level waste
The stifling hot winds fly ;
Down falls the swain with trembling haste,
The gasping cattle die.
Shepherd people on the plain
Pitch their tents, and wander free ;
Wealthy cities they disdain,
Poor—yet blest with liberty.

EPIGRAM.

As the priest was committing a corpse to the
earth,
To supply, in his mem'ry, an unlucky dearth,
He ask'd of an Irishman "pray, my friend, say
Do we bury a brother, or sister to-day ?"
"What d'ye mane, fir ?" says Pat, "no, St.
Patrick defend,
'Tis not one nor the other, 'tis only a friend."

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